



STAYING CONNECTED

A WEEKLY NEWSLETTER FOR OUR MCIVOR CHURCH FAMILY

April 19, 2026

REFLECTIONS – TAMIRA WIEBE, INTERIM YOUTH PASTOR



Making a career change at age 59 seems odd.

It would make sense to stay in the established pattern of your day, looking forward to retirement in 5 (ish) years, allowing your schedule to make up the rhythm of your life.

And then your church has a need.

As a parent you put the needs of your children first. Right or wrong, even the needs of your partner must wait once there are small lives in your care. When your children are busy establishing their own futures, taking responsibility and making choices without your assistance, your life changes, remarkably and imperceptibly.

The same can be said for a career path. As a stay at home mom, I gave up my youth ministry career for ten years, during which decade I became the proverbial dinosaur, no longer being viable in my industry. But there are always ways to serve, and I found something in the public sector. Over the ensuing 17 years I had been able to provide care and ministry to youth through the local education system until things changed, remarkably and imperceptibly.

First a principal was replaced, then a teacher, then a superintendent, and before I knew it, my job description had morphed and I hadn't seen it happen.

And then the church had a need. It wasn't very noticeable at first, a maternity leave is temporary of course, so not really something to leap into, after all. But my children are out of the house. My husband is

content in his position. And I want to minister again.

And this is how one makes a major career shift at just the age others are retiring. A leap of faith, we used to say. Jumping off of the safe and secure ledge of an established position, into something that by its very nature is temporary. But the church had this need. And so did I.

Hallelujah, praise the Lord. He works in odd and unusual ways, remarkably and imperceptibly.

YOU ARE MINE (ISAIAH 43) – ENTER THE WORSHIP CIRCLE

Maybe I don't have the strength
Maybe I don't have the faith
You brought me here in 40 years
I know this trip should take a week

I've shed my tears and shed my blood
Been held ransom by the flood
The winter steals my songs away
In all of this I come undone

**When you walk through the water
I will be with you
When you pass through the river
the waves will not over take you
When you walk on the fire
the flames they will not touch you
You are mine, you are mine, you are mine**

I've been a child I've been a slave
I've grown bitter and learned to pray
Packed my bags and started back
The cost was just too high to pay

**When you walk through the water
I will be with you
When you pass through the river
the waves will not over take you
When you walk on the fire
the flames they will not touch you
You are mine, you are mine**



EASTER AT MCIVOR



GIVING

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